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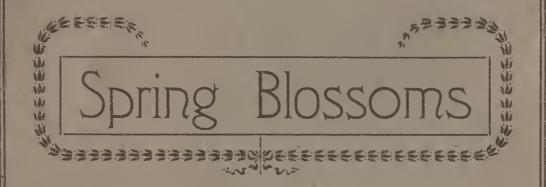
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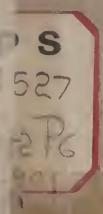
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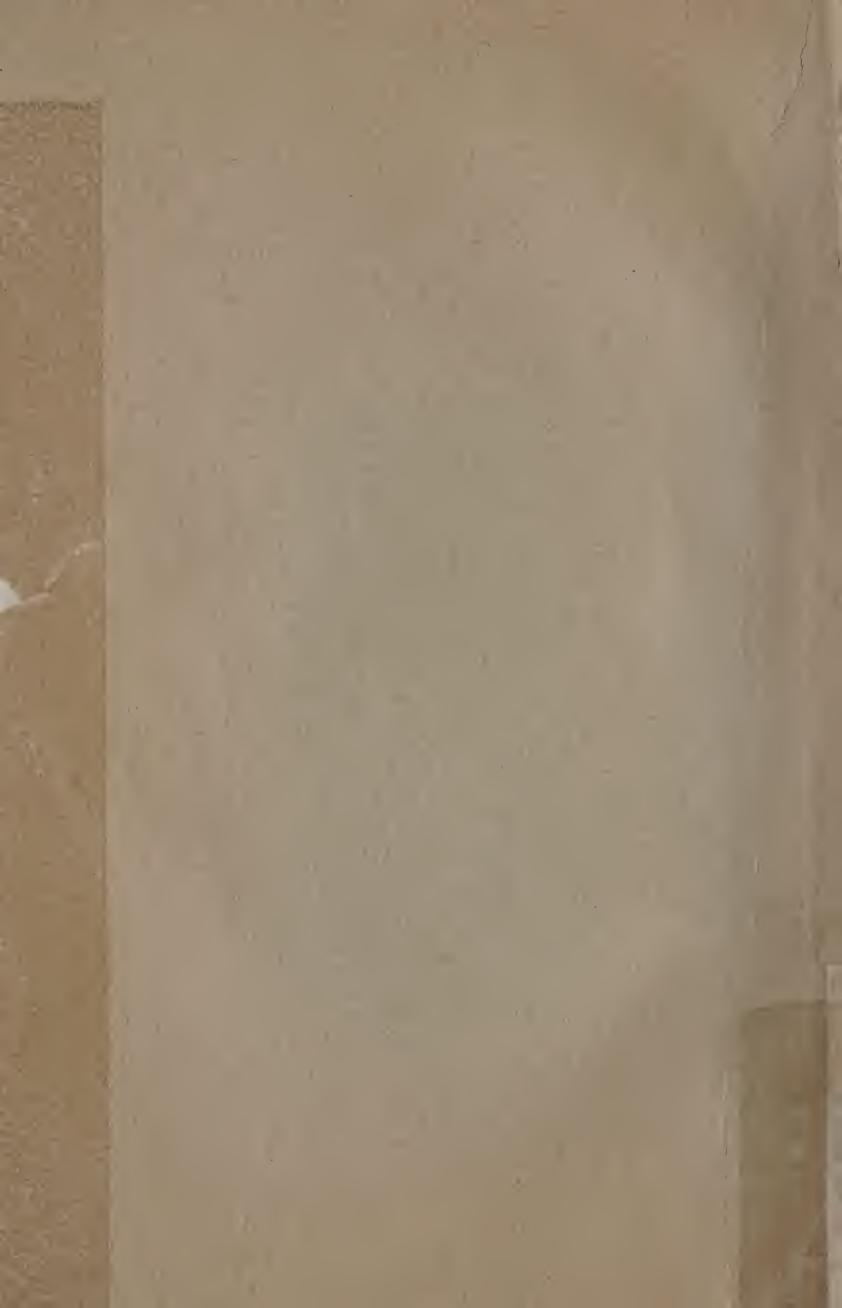


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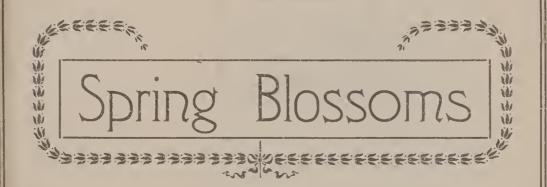








POEMS



BY

ELIZABETH LUSINDA NELSON



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Direction of the North Son.



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PREFACE.

Lest those who read the lines contained in this book should deem the verse too light and fanciful, it is perhaps necessary to say that the verses are purely original, written in the springtime of life from nature and actual occurrences in everyday life.

There are many books in the world, and as many more people. I have written Spring Blossoms in this hope that it may reach some of the many people and do some good. In this manner I trust it will be received.

ELIZABETH LUSINDA NELSON.

December, 1901. .

NATURE'S BEAUTY.

Lift up your eyes to heaven When early falls the dew, God made heaven beautiful, And its beauty gave to you.

O look beyond the starry clime, By faith and see His Face, He will not from his own hide Nor keep from them his grace.

Give thanks for Nature's beauty,
For angels fain would see,
The glory and the grandeur
Stamped on flower and tree.

Be not unmindful of God's Love,
Nor how he scenes arrange,
There is an emblem of love
In every daily change.

July 7, '99.

NATURE.

Nature has been gracious today,
Just at the peep of dawn,
Her bright sun extended his rays
O'er the beautiful lawns.

At noon dark clouds o'er hung the sky;
The rain in torrents fell,
The lightning from its sheath did fly,
And thunder roared too well.

Night has the presence of the stars
And fragrance of the breeze,
No heavy cloud its beauty mars,
All nature is at ease.

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

When I behold the sky so beautiful,
The trees, majestic looks arrayed in green,
The flowers so charming and fragrant,
My soul yearns to do some good deed.

When I read noble books of noble men
Who were by heaven's fair face inspired
To expound truths to the dark world,
My soul appeals to its maker.

When I behold the bright sun-colored clouds That will ever remain life's one grand scene, My soul within me swells and sighs,

Who knows the grandeur of the scene? Sept. '99.

TRIBUTE TO THE NIGHT.

The peaceful night

Of perfect rest, graced with brilliant stars, fills us

with delight.

The light shed forth in the rays of the moon o'er earth is like pure modesty, perfect character in a lovely woman,

As far beyond the clouds, the soft light of the moon sheds its gentle light: so far above men are

those who have untainted natures.

Sweet night, would that I could describe thee. Spring or Summer with their radiant sunshine and flowers, cannot exceed thee in lovliness or surpass thy gentle charm.

No wonder God gave the moon to shine at night, when mortals lie asleep, Christ and the angels watch us. So the beautiful unearthly light of the moon is always in honor of Divinity.

The Holy Spirit in company with light faced angels perform holy missions on moonlight nights.

The grand moonlight night with jeweled twinkling stars and the shining firmament, all shine for the heavenly travelers. Sometime they seem to mock us, then its beauty is beyond our admiration.

God surely made these pale lights in honor of heaven, since it's heaven's duty to guard and watch the sleeping earth.

I have feasted in the warm sunshine and enjoyed its smiling sunbeams. I have admired its glorious setting, which gives nature a more delicate tint; then I have looked at the moon which is beyond comparison in lovliness; there is something in its beauty and grandeur which is divine, something that causes us to yearn as the weeping Mary yearned for Christ on the Cross. As we approach the fall of the night and begin to consider its perfect knowledge, it seems to recede farther away.

The sun, proud and glorious as he is and though gentle and tender his rays at evening, he has not the charming unaffected tenderness of the moon.

Day, though bright and bold, acknowledged crowned King, has not the quiet simplicity, grace and sublimity of the night.

Why did God make these accomplishments for us to behold, then close our eyes in soft slumber; one

must sleep with deep satisfaction and untold rever-

ence after beholding a beautiful night.

Let us thank God when we behold his beautiful works. What is more lovely than the moonlight scenery in country places, the very trees bathed in the light of the moon, direct our thoughts to God.

One bright moonlight night while in the country, a clergyman took tea with us. The moon was astonishing in its grandiloquent beauty, pouring out all its lovliness upon the broad fields and pathless

woods.

After tea, the clergyman, my grand-mother and I, chatted; naturally our conversation was religious, and when it ceased, a devout prayer was offered, and the minister arose to depart; "Be a good girl," he audibly whispered to me, then bade grand-ma goodbye... I followed him to the cottage door; he seemed an unearthly visitor in the moonlight.

His candid nature blended so much with the night until the tears rushed to my eyes; all earth seemed

beautiful and tender.

I looked up in those clear hazy skies and beheld through faith a form so innocent and tender, arrayed in a thin tissue robe, as soft and white as a fleecy cloud, a face beaming with sympathy, love, tenderness, and a brow crowned with heavenly roses; arranged in the shape of a crown of thorns. Not until I closed my eyes in slumber did that form vanish from my sight.

O! beautiful night! Thou art intoxicating with the stars twinkling here and there, passing loveliness. If these lights do not o'erspead the sky, the white or dark tremendous clouds seem to stand still and bless

the earth with its grandeur.

We are nature's children, she is always beautiful and grand; let us be like her.

Beyond those skies
There is a cloudless space
Enrobed in heaven's splendor,
Where myriads of souls sing and pray
By notes supreme and tender.

SOUL'S APPEAL.

- (1) Listen sweet nature to the song,

 That comes from the hill-tops far away,
 Listen! the angelic voices

 Are chanting their praises to-day.
- (2) O mighty sirens of perfect song,
 From your pure, lofty heights descend
 To this beautiful earth of ours,
 Where many human voices blend.
- (3) O'er this beautiful mother's earth
 Is spread a brilliant robe of green,
 Sweet flowers blooming here and there,
 Present one magnificent scene.

TRIBUTE TO THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Let me write before the curtain falls, before the scene closes, before this last century year its magnificent rays discloses.

Gentle nature bedecked with all manner of beauful flowers and Royal Green, could I wrap thee as a garment about me and flee to fairer climes; none would harm me there, none would penetrate thy tender surface to torture my soul; nay, not even a

human kiss would disturb my tranquil nature then enwrapt in thee.

So deghtful and rapturous are thy joys.

Thou retiring year that with thy exit carries a century with thee; we bid thee farewell, a fond and sweet adieu. How we love thee none can tell, for to us, thou wast true.

Sweet, approaching year, that brings with thee a century; we welcome thee, we welcome thee. Thou that comest forth afresh and anew from nature's bosom, sheding thy refulgent rays along our path, we greet thee with joy.

Thy wintry days will be less cold,

Thy spring more bright with flowers,
Thy summer sun more smiles will wear

Because thou art ours.
Thy grasses will be more green

Thy roses a brighter hue,
Thy breezes more gentle,

Thy violets more blue.

New Year, we welcome thee! we welcome thee! The moon and stars witness thy birth, the bright sun christens thee.

ANECDOTE OF THE STARS.

The sky was as transparent as a looking glass, the fair moon moved as a stately queen among the fleecy clouds that were scattered o'er half the sky-like bales of cotton here and there. Over the northern half reflected in the transparent firmament was a thick mist, rolled lengthwise, veiled in soft white tissue, ornamented with a single star. Below a line of clouds representing a chain extended in full length.

Stars bright and twinkling shone like diamonds among velvets in the clear sky. After walking out this beautiful night I returned home; t'was the night of the fourteenth of November, when astronomers said that the meteors would fall.

Opening the blinds that I might see the stars as they fell, I lay upon my couch, when suddenly a noise like that of a cannon was heard. I sprang from my resting place and was outside in a moment. A bright glare o'er the sky was seen, a meteor had fallen to the earth, an earthquake shook the place whereabout I stood. I felt myself shuffling off this mortal coil; the dull sensation of going to nothing came over me. I tried to utter prayers, my tongue seemed rooted to my mouth, when another star from the western sky fell from the heavens and bursted like fireworks, dropping red hot coals here and there.

Through some miraculous power I arose and joined the frightened men, women and children. The earth continued to rock and shake like machines in motion in an electric power house. Another red star fell from the heavens, bursting again like fireworks. The red-hot coals were larger this time; everything in the world swayed beneath the gloom of death. ————

I awoke and looked through the blinds from my couch again, some stars twinkled and smiled this time as if to hail and bless another Virgin Mary, and later when I arose the moon, stars and beautiful night, yet tragical, had disappeared, the air was cool and refreshing. Clouds were soft and plentiful, the rain had refreshed the earth and no trace or damage of the earthquake, and stars could be seen.

The stars that shine at night,
Do they shine for aught?
With perfect light so bright
They resemble His Very Thought.

THE STARS.

The stars sing together
The music of His Love,
Robed in Regal splendor
They point to Him above.

Oh! do not say pass on,
And sleep the hours away,
But look up at the stars
And greet the coming day.

The mighty power of love
With justice does display
His mercy from above,
The grandeur of his sway.

Beautiful Queen of night
That turnest man to his God,
Stay with us, why not?
And good and right afford.

Bright, beautiful star,
Give me thy love and light,
Fill me with peace and joy
And stir my heart with life.

REDEMPTION'S STAR.

The soft blue sky
With coats of fleecy clouds,
Are sacred to the eye
When to us it nods.

The gentle queen of night That stately passes on, That sheds her ray of light Does our earth adorn.

Would I saw the star

That spangled at his birth,
The night without one mar

That blessed mother's earth.

The glory of the night
That graced a kingly form,
Was beyond mortals sight
That worship sunshine warm.

Perfect night; wrap me with the breezes of eternal day, where the breath of honey and flowers fill the atmosphere.

ROCKS.

Who can understand the grandeur and magnificence in the rocks. God made the rocks and mountains to speak, to show forth the greatness of his handiwork the knowledge of Divinity is observed in the rocks. The ragged rocks on the mountains, those by the stream, on the seashore and in the deep blue sea; those in the woods, in the desert places, speak alike of the divine handiwork everywhere with the great and small, in the elevated and lowly places, in the most deserted and loneliest spot.

Gently, gently, falls the dew From the pale blue sky, Sweet, oh sweet is its perfume To the passer-by.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains are like great walls around the sky, thickly studed with green trees. Here and there the peaks run zig-zag, forming an artistic boundary line. The grandeur is beyond description and impenetrable as the vaultless sky. They are too far beyond human analysis. How surpassingly grand are the sentimental all variety of trees pointing toward God. How magnificent and indescribable is the sight.

WHY DID GOD MAKE THE MOUNTAINS?

Why did God make the mountains
Towering up to the sky,
Was it to lift man's poor thoughts
To the mighty things on high?

Why did God make the mountains, Oh! so fearful and so grand, And covered them with green trees, From all over this broad land?

Oh! why did God make the mountains, Ever silent, yet so proud, Why did he make them to speak, To speak so clear and so loud? Oh! why did God make them all,

To seem to defy the sun,

To look as if on this earth,

Besides their heights, there are none?

The glorious blue mountains
Exhibits full divine love,
And stand with classic grandeur,
Pointing men to him above.

Their true greatness I behold
With true reverence and awe,
And only this do I know
They were made by His just Law.

The sky to night is a deep blue sea; the clouds are the waves, and the stately moon is the ship that ploughs the waters, and the stars priceless jewels in the deep.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

High up on the mountain,
Rambling through the green woods,
Three of us together,
With spirits pure and good.

High up on the mountain,
Inhaling the pure air;
Resting on mountain top,
Decked with trees, clothed and bare.

High up on the mountain, Other mountains to see, With ground so beautiful, Cultivated and free.

High up on the mountain, Nearer the skies to hear Songs of white robed angels, So far and yet so near.

High up on the mountain,
Beautiful sights to view,
The great, grand zig-zag peaks,
By distance made deep blue.

High up on the mountain,
Away from cares of worlds,
And near the brighter clime,
Whose banners are unfurled.

High up on the mountain,
Ah, how supremely grand,
To commune with the skies,
And with the clouds shake hands.

High up on the mountain.
A privilege so rare,
To scan the skies pure face,
The mighty earth to dare.

High up on the mountain, God's ever sacred place, Gaze into the heavens, And you will view his face.

Ascend the highest stage of action,
Step well and in your place,
Keep Heaven's throne ever before you,
Then of riches you'll taste.

TREASURES ON THE PEAK.

Will you scale those lofty peaks,
Towering up in the sky,
Made by workmanship divine
For view of the human eye.

You must scale those lofty peaks,
If you fain would touch the sky,
And would view the landscape o'er,
From the mountain top so high.

O, climb those rough, rugged steps, That's walled up near to the sky. And commune with heaven's saints, As they go fast flitting by.

Beautiful mountain of love,
With grandeur personified,
Can'st thou tell us what thou art;
And what treasures thou dost hide?

O, lofty peaks dipped in air,
Purified by extreme height,
With thee, men refresh their thoughts,
As well as enrich their sight.

MOUNTAIN TOP.

God made thee very high,
Pure Holy mountain top;
Thou'rt sacred to His eye,
For 'tis His Holy spot.

So rich, so pure, so near, Heaven's perfect abode, Who may not scent thy air, And live a different mode?

Thou art His Holy ground,
His Holy peaceful place,
Men dare not claim thy mound,
Not e'en a vacant space.

NATURE'S BLESSING.

Tis a blessing,
A child of nature to be,
Roaming over the world,
Happy gay and free.

Tis a gift from God,

To behold the greatest sights,
Hidden 'neath the sod,
And pictured upon the heights.

ODE TO THE SKIES.

Farewell, sweet skies,

I must bid thee adieu,

I flee to another clime,

Yet thy beauties are true

And thy truths are sublime,

Farewell, O farewell.

LOVE.

Love the most tender cord on earth, God's highest gift to man, Was sung before creation's birth, In notes sublime and grand.

Angelic voices sung its name, Earth echoed back the strain, O'er earth and sky is spread its fame, All join in one refrain.

In Eden, in our parent's soul,
Its notes first sounded there,
When Adam did his Eve behold
And called her woman fair.

A clear and silvery voice divine, The shepherds heard at night, Beyond the clouds they saw a sign, Of glory, love and light,

When the bright eastern star appeared,
Just at the Savior's birth,
It whispered words of love endeared,
To all mankind on earth.

O that earth could have seen the face,
Of love direct from God,
No bitter foes would be each race,
Nor would blood stain the sod.

It triumphed o'er eternal worlds,
And decked the cross with stars,
It graced the tomb with many pearls,
Left death with many scars.

If the immortal cords of love Could but vibrate on earth, All men would cease to climb above, So great would be its worth.

But its gentle, blissful whisper Makes heaven in each heart, The grand world, a silent lisper, At its touch smiles and starts.

For none returns from the fair shore
To tell the fountain's there
That love like grace from God's throne flows,
Pure, freely, mild and clear.
August 26, '99.

A kiss, ah how precious, from the lips of those whom we love,
It refreshes the soul like the cleansing grace from above.

AMBITION.

Oh! for something true and great
To satisfy ambition,
Oh! for a worthier state,
To help man's frail condition.

If from some well known fountain,
This wonderful greatness flows,
Though beyond some steep mountain,
I'll taste of its weal and woe.

To be less than a true man Gives pain to a noble soul, It is better if you can, To press on and find the goal.

DETERMINATION.

Let the ship roll on,
Let the ocean rave,
Let the sharks peep out,
I'll be true and brave.

Not the blackest clouds
Nor the raging winds
Shall e'er frighten me,
I the crown must win.

Life, thou art a friend,
That blightest fond hope,
We must leave thee alone
And with thy ways cope.

WISDOM.

That bright, sparkling fountain of joy, Where dew drops fall like snow, It glitters and glistens like gold, Comes swifter than a thought.

That pool of clear, flowing wisdom,
Shall you quench your thirst
With its cooling, healing waters,
Or shun the crystal pool.

The invigorating waters
Flow still serenely on,
If there you do not try to drink
Walk ignorantly on.

FAME.

Ay Fame, I've once asked thy favor, Once knelt before thy holy shrine, Once offered thee my heart and hand For a single favor of thine.

To my pleading thou wert deafened, To all my virtues thou wert blind; O let time efface your sternness And say thy favors shall be mine.

But I will linger no longer

To bear your steady, gentle frown,
But to my my work I will attend

Until you offer me your crown.

GREATNESS.

What can we do on earth that's noble and true?
After all there is nothing great we can do,
Can we reach the far distant skies,
Or fathom the heavens of blue?

Truly, true greatness has blushed for common shame,
That she cannot be reached and called by her name,
Ah! greatness does not on earth reign,
But if not reached she's not the blame.

EARTHLY GREATNESS.

Nothing greater alas, that mortal men can do,
Than lift fallen humanity from many sorrows true.
Life is swiftly fleeting, do more than write and read,
Love every heart that beats on earth, and to Christ
sinners lead.

For quite soon 'neath the sod, every frail form must rest,

With calm faces turned toward their God, and their souls with the blest.

ENTREATY.

Linger for a short while,
From me do not part,
Give me a little vial
To keep near my heart.

All have proved unfaithful,
My lot is cold and vain,
The world 'tis ungrateful
Yes, it gives me pain.

I've learned, I've loved, I've lost,
I have tried to reach the goal,
On seas I have been tossed
Just to dream of shoals.

Whate'er thy lot may be,
Dream on the best you can,
Still dream until you see
The grand Promised Land.

THOUGHT.

O lofty thought, clothed with fire
Beyond this cloudy clime,
Thou art from the paradise
Where immortal voices chime.
Drop by drop, thou from the stream
Of poesy doth run
Where heav'nly saints tune their songs,
Their whispers, one by one.

HEAVEN.

There's the happy land called heaven,
Where angelic voices sing
Innumerable praises
To our Saviour and King.

The happy shore celestial
Where mortals dare not tread,
The wicked do not wander,
Or ever rest their head.

The sweet land of love and rest,
Illum'ned by God's own pure light,
'Tis made for the blessed souls
Who venture to do right.

O God! teach me the true way
That I may not miss that land
On the resurrection morn,
But stand at thy right hand.

HEAVEN.—PART II.

Ah! the happy land called Heaven Where spirits meet and talk, And whisper soft gentle echoes While with themselves they walk.

Yes, the happy land called Heaven,
Away up in the sky
Where swift and light-winged messengers
In the pure air flit by.

Listen! the fair land called Heaven With music's rapture rings, It wafts the true soul of millions While the many voices sing.

In the happy land called Heaven
There's a throne in its aisle,
Where the Saviour sits and watches,
The acts of each dear child.

Of the happy land called Heaven The white-robed angels sing, They call upon His holy name Thus to His love they cling.

O! the happy land called Heaven, Where seraphic notes chime, The sound upon a million harps Make the light air sublime.

Ah! the happy land called Heaven
My home up in the sky
When I pass its golden portals
To His throne I will fly.

THE RESTLESS SOUL.

O could I from this mortal clime Take wings and fly beyond So joyfully I'd flap my wings, And from this world be gone.

I'd go and seek my Saviour's face, To tell my restless love, Of how I crave to leave this frame, And live with him above.

I wish I knew more of his power,
His goodness I would tell,
How, with it, He perfumed the earth,
Then went to Heaven to dwell.

LOVE'S STAR.

The lone star immortal love
Illumines the world in space,
It points to the life beyond,
And to the Saviour's face.
The beautiful brilliant star
Is but a pendulum,
Of God's mighty clock in heaven,
Which all the world succumbs.

The days of Man are quite short—
The sun glides o'er the hills,
Some souls gently passes out
O'er the river and rills.
The star will not cease to shine,
It's an immortal light;
When the world has passed its prime,
It will still sparkle bright.

THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN.

Under the beautiful skies
The place where I was born,
Still ascend a baby's cries
From evening until morn.
Under the bright starlight night,
The night when I was born,
Still sheds forth a brilliant light
Resembling early dawn.

The breath of the Sabbath swayed
O'er the still midnight hours,
While a mother softly prayed
Lord, bless our little flower.
The oak trees have all grown tall,
The cabins moved away,
In its place another hall—
Another baby plays.

A few familiar faces
Baby eyes remember,
But some there are no traces
Since that long December.
The angels now are singing
They will forever sing,
'Till baby's arms are clinging
Around the Heavenly king.

FREEDOM OF SPIRIT.

What is it to throw of this
Mortal shroud,
To breathe the last and flee to God?
'Tis a liberty which few mortals know.

You think it sad some one is dead,
You say they miss the pleasures of this earth,
But ah, they seek a brighter clime
That knows naught, but true celestial mirth.

On a soft breezy eve,
When all is still and calm
The soul seeks another sphere,
To find a sweeter balm.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

Far away on a distant shore
A little Angel dwells,
Viewing the beautiful earth o'er
Where gentle waters swell.

She whispers so very often
To spirits in the air,
That the Spirit's heart might soften
Toward her young children dear.

But a spirit with noiseless wings
Was heedless to her cries,
For when the children well did sing
He drew them to the skies.

The sweet angel watches no more
O'er the landscapes on earth,
Death has brought her treasures ashore
Once more she's filled with mirth.

MUSIC'S CHARM.

The voices of ages that have been slumbering for centuries

Awake, and sweep quickly by me, while music floats on the ear of the night,

As its rustling pinions make soft, melodious sound, The days of Jesus present themselves to me.

I see him as a babe, a boy, a man, on the cross—

The days of the world in its youth, days that I have never seen, rush by me a dream,
While the night sings the song of sweet sadness.

MAN.

O man how soon to die,
To fold thine hands upon thy breast,
To give that long, last sigh,
And to give that last parting breath.
How soon that tongue must cease
How soon that heart must cease to beat,
The days of perfect peace.
How soon the feet will cease to trod,
Yet to lie down and die,
Is not after all, quite so sad;
'Tis but the birth of joy,
That's sure to blossom years ahead.

Great souls with grand natures are peculiar to the outside world.

THE QUIET SOUL.

If I were on the banks of the deep blue sea Listening to the waters placid dream, O God, with my soul, I'd render thanks to Thee. And praise thee as the drops in the stream, Tender love, how gentle is its peaceful flow Dashing like waves in the mighty deep, When poured upon beautiful souls that we know, 'Tis a sweet gift as holy as sleep.

Peaceful soul, beyond there are no brilliant skies
To keep thee from seeing thy true king,
No true blessed Saint
Thy righteous right denies,
Nor'll attempt to make thee cease to sing.
Too well cans't thou wander off in boundless space,
To kiss and caress each nameless star
And without Angelic wings from place to place,
Thou veiwest all the points near and far,
Since thou hast reached by faith, the great golden gates
Through the straight and blessed narrow path
Since neither sin nor sorrow is thy mate
Ever enjoy the milk honey bath.

THE DYING SOUL BEGGING A KISS.

Kiss me good night, for tomorrow morn
I may be far away from here,
Where light in another clime is born
And where music dwells in the air.
Kiss me good night my soul is still
And longs and yearns for only one,

Just one long kiss it will surely fill Me, and all is perfectly done.

The bright twinkling stars they kiss the moon,
The grandest clouds they kiss the skies,
And perhaps my soul will kiss them soon
Lean o'er and kiss me e'er it flies.
One sweet kiss upon these tender lips
Will only attempt to console,
Then from love's serene fountain will dip
The treasures, therein for your soul.

Sweet whispering Angel of peace
Come nigh unto my soul,
That the fearful longing may cease
And heaven's joys unfold.
In the land of Forget-me-nots
Saints with true perfect souls,
Whisper wonderful words of love
To these that are careworn.

THE PROPHECY.

I saw a thousand years hence
In a single moment,
All human forms were dust
And true beauty was dormant.
The skies were clear and lofty
So cloudless and serene,
The evening star decked it
And a soul with golden wings.

Earth steeped in silence, watched it The form that flitted by, All souls had left the earth
Nature breathed one long kept sigh.
They passed on through the heavens
Through the clear cloudless sky,
Earth gave up its jewels
To see them lifted on high.

MUSIC'S ECHO.

Listen, the notes are falling
So tender, soft and low,
Listen, the notes are flying
As the hours comes and go.
Move on to the fragrant shores
Where dew drops bathe the grass,
Move on o'er the pleasant fields
'Till you view all at last.

O why do we linger long
To praise beauty on earth,
When our land beyond the sky
Is filled with joy and mirth.
When glassy seas and green fields
Are viewed beyond the skies,
The cloudlike nature in souls
Leap from the soul and flies.

THE FAVORED.

How elevated is he who has stood on the lofty peaks, in the clouds; who has watched the fairer elements in the sky! How highly favored is he who has watched the magnificient rush of the Niagra Falls,

Who has gazed at the tremendous heights and

grandeur of the Egyptian Pyramids.

How favored is he who has watched the lively dashing of the angry waves of the mighty deep,

These are the blest who behold the paradise of

nature.

CHRISTIANITY.

Fearless, defenseless, unprotected,
No monuments reared in fame,
Christians walk this earth unmolested
Because they bless God's great name;
They walk in numerous directions
They meet with most cruel men,
Yet these greet them, as the morning's breeze—
To Christians are held out hands.

Christianity the blessing of youth

Matured by age, becomes fruit of the tree of life,

It lifts man above himself, beyond the earth in which he lives. Without Christianity earth had no communion with the skies,

Christianity is an everlasting, indefinable love, not

to be solved in mortality.

It flows from that broad expanse of love in heaven that has no dimensions,

It is the light on earth.

It makes it more like heaven;

When the light of its sun prevails earth is akin to paradise.

To attempt to analysize Christianity in itself gives

paroxysm of thought, so great is its depth.

GOD IS LOVE.

"For God is love"—John 4:8.

God is love
Is written in the sky,
In large white letters bold
For every human eye.

God is love
Twinkles the little star
As the bright comet falls,
It spreads love near and far.

God is love
Is pictured in the night,
With classic gems o'erhead
Sparkling grandeur so bright.

God is love,
Says the clouds 'neath the sun
That brightens every home,
Every year, one by one.

God is love,
Is pictured in your soul,
Above earth it rises,
With mortal form so bold.

God is love,
The Holy Angels sing,
God is love, God is love
O'er earth the song doth ring.
October, 1901.

RESTLESS SPIRIT.

A pensive, black-haired, maiden
Sat by the seaside and sang,
Sang with a lonely longing
That drew from her breast a pang.

Give me liberty or death,
I'll wrench myself from this frame,
Till my soul is indeed free
To praise His excellent name.

The senses of my soul

Have inhaled the fragrance from thee—
My ears have caught the echo
Of thy melodious notes,
My eyes have viewed thee through
A dim, misty veil, O, Jerusalem.

Home of rest, home of the blest,
Home where the beautiful are,
Home where sorrow never mars,
Where pleasure is like a sea
'Tis there where the peaceful dwell
The saints all happy and free.

THE LAND OF REST.

There is no death beyond those skies;
There is no rest that God denies
There is no bliss debarred from those
That seek true life and its repose.
There is no right unknown, unnamed,
There is no joy unfelt, unclaimed;
There are no heights unclimbed, unseen,
There are no paths of thorn between;
Where Christ doth reign 'tis always day;
Angels to him doth homage pay,
There truth and joy doth reign supreme,

His love doth o'er the kingdom beam. There music's everlasting strain, Doth banish sorrow, grief and pain. All consecrated praises sing, Never weary blessing the King.

There's no distinction in that place, All receive the smile from His face, Thank God there's room and place for all Who on the Savior's name may call.

With an instant notice,
The world was unfolded;
While fresh air breathed
The great plains were moulded
With twinkling of an eye
Other fair forms were made
Man sprung into existence
With the Almighty's aid.
While the mighty wheels did run,
Pure love and light spring up;
Since then has been toiling
To devour the incorrupt.

Contentment is an elixir for the soul.

GOD CHIDES THOSE WHOM HE LOVES.

God favored the Israelites,
And yet held them in bondage:
Allowed Egyptians to rule.
To inflict sore punishments.

God did love the Israelites,
Yet he gave them as captives
To those that served idle gods;
He made them their true masters.

God loved his sainted martyrs,
Yet he let them suffer death
By men who cursed his own name,
By stopping innocent breath.
God loved his own divine Son,
The King of this earth and sky
Yet he allowed him to come
And for mortal men to die;

By the hand of cruel men

He was slapped and spat upon;
On the cross he breathed his last

For this poor ungrateful world.
And God loves the negro race,

He allows them to suffer—
Other men to take their rights

For other men they rough it.

But woe for the oppressor!
God will surely turn the tide;
Like the Great Egyptians ride
Into the broad, mighty sea.

Those bright days of joy and love,
When the path was strewn with flowers
A portion of the Master's love
Was a blessing of ours.

THE FLOWERS.

The soft, tender, fragrant flowers, How sweet their faint perfume, 'Tis like a pure soul filled with joy
And by God's love consumed,
They are but the faintest emblem,
Of heaven's gentle bloom;
They are but the sweetest echo
Of voices from the tomb.

THE PASSING SCENES.

The passing scenes are fading
Swiftly gliding by,
Swiftly the train leaves the fields,
So swift is man's life.
The whistle gives the signal
To tell of its nearing home,
So the human soul gives sign,
When o'er this life it has roamed.

YOUTH.

The morning sun doth shine,
 The dew it sparkleth bright,
The clear day hasteneth on
 Soon cometh peaceful night.
The children's day doth gleam
 In the light of God's love;
Their passing years seem dreams
 And guileless as the dove.
As night followeth day,
 So age followeth youth.
The minds once light and gay
 Are taught with age and truth.

LIFE.

Life after all seems very bright,
If you can freely laugh and play
Then eat and drink with all your might,
Then sing and dance the livelong day.
For you the fragrant roses bloom,
For you the brilliant sun doth shine,
And all of nature's sweet perfume
With its charming glories are thine.

The butterfly flutters gaily
It has no irksome fame in view;
It lives the same gay life daily—
Is that the brightest life for you?
Sometimes in your worldly pleasure
Seriously pause once and think
Of that sparkling inward treasure,
Wrecklessly standing on the brink.
Each soul is endowed with beauty,
Let yours with perfect beauty be,
At the call of Christ and duty
Patient, resigned, and redeemed and free.

Sweet poetry the muses sang, In ages past and gone, Delicious words like music rang Out every golden morn.

SONG.

How grand a theme is song
The music of the stars,
On the air it floats along
And every sorrows mars.

The midnight muses sing
And charm the air with notes
To lowly earth it brings
The sound from heaven's courts.

Heaven's true and perfect sound At all times fills the air; O'er earth it oft resounds, And begs the world to hear.

The tender, dainty lines,
That ever poet wrote,
Are but the faintest signs
Of muses' tuneful notes.

I would that I could write a song, And fill its soul with love! Would that I could write a poem, With rapture from above!

The classic stars they still shine on— The placid moon still smiles, But their bright light will not afford, The love my soul requires.

The dream of love, how still it runs
Placidly through one's soul!
From what source does the flow begin?
From His eternal throne.

When we have scaled the rugged mounts, And climed the loftiest peak,
Our calm souls lack a certain joy—
A certain perfect peace.

O God, still send me joy and love, Still give me perfect peace; Fill my soul with rapturous song Till the end of time cease. Time still fleets along,
Brave men do what they should,
While from the distant shore there comes,
An echo grand and good.

THE BELLS.

Ring on, ring on, distant bells,
Send out your beautiful chimes,
The music where the Master dwells
Is perfect and sublime.

Send an echo to the earth,
On gentle breeze from above,
That will fill our hearts with joy, mirth,
And kindle us with love.

MELLOW CHIMES.

Many are the bright nights and days
When chimes are rung and heard;
The mellow chimes of distant bells,
They speak louder than words.

It brings to us along our way,
Chimes from shores of the blest;
They soothe our weary, longing soul,
And places us at rest.

Pure mellow chimes, we know not whence, From heaven's fairer shore, Where saints sweet voices harmonize And send the sound below.

THE CHURCH BELL.

The bell it sweetly rings,
And some has passed and gone;
The choir sweetly sings
While truer notes are born.

Chime, chime, musical bell!

Blend with bells in the sky;

To us their sweet notes tell,

As the earth passes by.

Life is a dream of time and its consequences. Let us live so that we may go tripping up the rugged steep, and not constantly climbing and falling. We must sleep each night to live in the sunshine of tomorrow; then we must sleep one long night in the grave to prepare us for eternity.

Pain and unconditioned pleasure are attributes of man.

THE MAN AND HIS HARP.

He sings, sings sweetly to-night,
Out in the open air;
He plays his grand instrument
Without the least dismay.
Perhaps the voice of the breeze
Gently wafts it o'er;
Somehow his light notes are sweet,
Like the birds' song in May.

THE SENTIMENTAL MUSICIAN.

The mighty hills in grandeur stand
Listening to the blue sky,
While the gentle breeze sweeps their tops,
And fans the passer-by.

On its highest peak their sits
A man with thoughtful brow,
From his sweet harp a perfect note,
Rolls down the hill somehow.

O'er the hills he sees the bright sun, Which inspires him to play; His heart is filled with love and song, He sings his soul away.

If I were but a true singer,
In the far-off clear sky,
I'd fill heaven with mirth and song,
As o'er them I would fly.

But as it is, I'm just a man,
With the true gift of song,
So I must live on the mountain
And sing to those who pass along.

THE SONG BY THE TREES.

As the green trees were clustered together one day,
On the top of a mountain far up in the sky,
They decided to sing a magnificent song,
The beautiful living trees on earth to defy.
Very soon the wind with all his force came along,
And helped them to sing one long, magnificent song.

Other trees heard the noise on the mountain near by, And they too sang a sweet song as the wind passed by.

The wind like a mighty, powerful rushing wave,
Carried their beautiful voices both near and far,
Till their limbs were broken and their roots were
shaken.

And their strength and all their natural beauty were marred.

So all the trees round about in valleys and lands,
Laughed at the harsh notes in the beautiful song,
And cheered not for the chorus by the mountain trees
As it came whistling on the wind and floating by.

So the mountain trees were without strong limbs and leaves,

And had to remain so until the month of Spring, And never again did they e'en attempt to charm with song

The earthly trees, or even try to sing.

O fair ones of that blest place, Why not visit us some time? Give us a portion of your grace While it is in its prime.

TRIBUTE TO CLASSICAL ASHEVILLE.

O beautiful place enwrapt in nature's splendor, Who made thee so beautiful to challenge the skies? Thy granduer displayed in green, Outshines the splendid sky, With all this great beauty thou art classically sublime. All inventions will cease in due time,
But thou, O nature, purified, and enthroned shalt
ever remain.

The sun is the only monarch during the day
Everthing in nature, hides its beauty and stares at
the sun,
It is in the morning, in the evening and at night
That nature exhibits her granduer.

AUTUMN SIGH.

'Tis autumn and the soul is weary,
No pleasant sound rings on the air,
The atmosphere is dreary, and everything seems
drear;
For the soul is tired and weary.
Let sunshine burst forth bright and clear,
To exchange the dark moments,
With Heaven's light so fair;
O the soul is weary, so weary,
While the drifting clouds
Veil the sun,
And rain drops destroys its rays,
Beautiful one by one.

THE PEARL IN THE SEA.

A pearl was swept from the seaside, The Ocean swallowed it, The waves washed it ashore again, And the waves washed it back;
The pearl was restless in the deep,
By the great waters rolled,
And said, I'll toss with waves and roll,
Till I rest on the shore.
So many days and many months
The pearl was in the sea,
'Till it became a purer pearl
From ocean waters free.

Becoming tired of the sea
It planned to find a place
Upon the surface of the beach,
To serve for it a case.
So when the brilliant sun was up
The waves washed it ashore,
And it was brighter and flashing
From washing o'er and o'er.

A fearless maiden, wandered by On the white beach to play, She found the jewel in the sand, And gave it to a sage.
Ah! said the glistening pure pearl, Here I cannot be free, If I cannot adorn woman I'll drop back in the sea.

O mighty days of perfect joy When Holy Angels walked on earth, To guard the little shepherd boy Who poorly slept at night. The happy golden days of yore, When side by side the angels walked, And prophets whispered o'er and o'er, The Story of His Love.

August 1901.

WHAT IS LOVE.

What is love, a priceless jewel Obtained beyond this world, 'Tis a thing sublime; immortal; not taught, not claimed by words; What is love, a fearless spirit That comes without control, To both the peasant and the king To every God made soul. True love's beyond descriptive, art, 'Tis felt, not seen, not told, A passion indescribable, more fiery than gold. It fills the maiden soul with song, The young man's heart with joy. Binds the old and young And gives true light to life, The human heart that ne'er has felt Its tender touch and grace Has found the world a weeded spot, A narrow, vacant space.

The love in nature oozes out
In every strip of green.
How can mortals then pass on,
With beauty thus unseen.

O come to the mercy seat, There is pardon and peace and power, Trust not to despair, Gentle Jesus waits you there.

MUSIC AND RAIN.

Mingled together
Sweet music and rain,
'Tis the softest drop,
'Tis the softest strain.
The soul is entranced
By music's swift strain,
'Tis lifted o'er heights
And wafted o'er plains.

When I shuffle off this mortal coil, it will be when the spirit shall have grown too broad for this beautiful land.

The knowledge of the beautiful is a gift from heaven. It is more preferable than gold and silver. The universe and unknown worlds are inhabited by this spirit.

MELANCHOLY.

Lonely, sad, forsaken,
Cast aside from men,
No soft hand to wipe away a tear,
No kind word, the drooping heart to cheer.

Daily comes mocking hope
To a lonely breast.
Speaking softly of some peaceful shore,
Where all are happy
And wish no more.

Thanks to glimmering hope
And to the God above,
There is rest for a sad, lonely, heart,
Ere from melancholy it departs.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

Once upon a midnight dreary
Out in the bleak cold,
Stood an orphan worn and weary,
About eight years old.
The snow was falling
Thick and fast,
The child did not stir,
Homeless, friendless, a poor outcast.
Did an eye see her?

Yes, the Saviour, the children's friend,
Saw her briny tears,
And when she made the snow her bed
He heard her prayers.
For just before the break of day,
When God welcomes guests,
Angels bore her pure soul away,
And she was at rest.

HUMANITY.

O sad thoughts and miseries
That earthly spirits bear,
There are Angels clothed in flesh,
That do not a crown wear.
Their breast like the billows surge
On the face of the sea.
Their tears like the fountains flow
Unceasingly and free.

Many a cold, haughty face Veils a true, loving heart, Many warm and friendly smiles
Are only nature's art.
Then for all have a kind word,
Perhaps you'll cheer some soul,
Some happy, sainted martyr
Who'll aid you to the goal.

THE PAST.

O sing, sing sweetly
Of the days that have passed and gone,
Think of the past time pleasantly,
For we must pass on.

O think, think deeply
Of the bright sunny days of rest,
O think of the true pleasant hours
When supremely blest.

Ah, sweet reflection,
Would I could fore'er enwrap thee,
And on thy white golden pinions,
Flee fore'er with thee.

WEEPING.

Weeping, ah, women weep.
What a luxury and pleasure
From their rich fountain deep,
Flows life's richest, sweetest treasure.

Madness to perfection Must melt 'neath flowing, briny tears And cast sad reflection O'er all its weary, troubled cares.

Weep, my pure hearted friends! Jesus Christ wept for joy and grief, The way to heaven it wends There it finds a pure, sweet relief.

Sweet innocency stung by men,
So pure, so inexperienced,
Thou art so tender, so uncultivated,
Sweet innocency, stung by men.
Men that value not thy virtue
Yet a true gift from heaven.

LOVE.

O mock me not, sweet love;
Thy heart is still my own,
The stars still shine above
And whisper sweet, thine own.
Thou art my guiding star,
And e'er shall be the same,
Our lives without a mar
Shall bless his Holy name.
O come now sweet my soul,
And lend me thine own wings,
To flee to yon hill top
That I may hear thee sing.

The window panes are broken,
The shades are moved away,
The floor is stained and dusty
Where mother kneels to pray.

OTHERS' GRIEF.

We walk, we talk, we sing,
We laugh and play and cry,
While others' hearts with grief doth wring
And often pass us by,
We hear a service sung
That lifts the soul to God,
And yet our heart with vice is wrung,
And we heed not His word.
Be more kind, do more good,
To those that pass along,
And our spirits on the dark road
Will not be all alone.

THE RICH MAN'S HOME.

Over the hills to the poor house Yes, many miles away, Over the hills to the poor house Some one has gone to day. One of a wealthy family That once a fortune claimed, One that had great honored parents And held an honored name. Over the hills to the poor house The old man trods along,

Unmindful of all the childrens, Merry laugh shout and songs.

He thinks of his loving daughter
Far away in the west,
Of a happy little fortune
He gave her and the rest.
The briny tears flow down his cheek,
With a sigh on he goes.
The world's turned 'round,
He mutters out,
The poor man, no one knows.
Life's a terrible hollow space
In which men walk about
Some fill the air with groans and moans
Others with laugh and shout.

My wife is o'er there too,
Before ere long I too likewise
Shall wade the waters through.
The old poor house door stood open,
To welcome the old man
Too slowly he crossed its threshold—
He could not understand.
On a forlorn couch he rested,
His form was stiff and chilled,
A life of sorrow was ended
An aching heart was stilled.

A WRITER.

It is a blessed evening,
And, O I am longing to write
Some poems expressing its beauty,
And the glorious beauty of night.

But it seems only too useless,
Words will not float to me in the way,
They floated to the Grecian muses
And noble orators of today.
Oct. 6, 1898.

In the dark ages of yore
When monarchs reigned supreme,
A nation's tears remained unwept,
And mortals' pleading vain.

I cannot write today,
My angel muse is far away,
She has gone to visit fairer climes,
Where merry bells lisp their chimes.
And yet contentment is my lot,
All the sorrows I forgot,
But I cannot write a song in words,
Not even the note of a little bird.
If I could catch an echo,
Only a sound soft and low,
I'd print it as a note
And let it be as music quote.

A COUNTRY'S INJUSTICE TO HER SON.

Thou, once proud, untainted country
In rank, in fame, in wealth, in gold,
The blackness of thy wicked deed,
Shall to the world be told.

Ah no more in stately honor,
Need thy true, famous warriors stand,
For all nations have a knowledge
Of the crime at thy hand.

O shame be on your government,
On your proud courts and grandest men;
Your pity for humanity
Is blushed at by the pen;
You have reached your highest standard,
You have plucked your choicest flower,
You are not as upright as he
Whom you have in power.

The day will come, a glorious day,
When he'll triumph above you all.
Drink glory, honor, peace and fame,
While you drink fire and gall.
'Tis pitiful, Oh God, is it true
That an innocent mortal man
Is suffering such bitter woe,
In that proud, wretched land?

Shall I heap curses or blessings
On wicked, heartless human heads?
Abundantly let curses come
That wrong may melt like lead.
Mercy, thou ever faithful friend,
God will crown thy glorious life,
And for that tender heart you have
He'll check your worldly strife.

If nations had such men like you
Crime would not blot their once fair name,
For a criminal republic
Is but disgrace and shame.
Sweet innocency, stung by men,
O think Christ had his cross to bear,
Look to Jesus, our only friend,
He'll for your children care.

THE SAVIOR'S LOVE.

I never shall forget the day,
He washed my sins away.
I never shall forget the hour
He sent his quickening power.
Like the happy, dancing sunbeam,
Like the bright rippling stream
The love flowed gently in my heart,
Like Cupid's flashing dart.

Far away off in nameless space,
I saw my Savior's face.
His lips they parted, smiled and blessed
When I my sin confessed.
O that the world would lose its power,
At this mild twilight hour.
To heaven's portals I would fly,
Just at Christ's feet to lie.

In silent, sweet communion
They spend one short hour,
Lifting their souls to heaven,
Drinking from Eden's bower.

EASTER.

Dear friend, the trees are green. The flowers bloom. It is Easter in heaven and Easter on earth. It is not permitted us to pluck immortal flowers from the garden in heaven, to dress the Savior's throne, nor mingle our voices with throngs of Holy Angels, casting crowns at His feet. One by one the four and

twenty Elders pass around the throne with each a flower to cast at His feet.

Then comes Holy Angels waving immortal palms. While a thousand harps and instruments make music to His name. But we are permitted to laden our altars with flowers and trim our aisles with wreathes and let innocent voices of children mingle together in praise.

They tell me it was a Sabbath morn, when the sun 'rose, bright and beautiful in the eastern sky; an angel descended and rolled the huge, white stone away. When all nature seemed to leap forth into ecstasy of joy, singing, "He is risen," the Savior came forth from the tomb;

A shining angel stood at the doorway to inform those who came of His resurrection. What was more sublime than that Holy Resurrection on the Sabbath morn?

That morning was more beautiful than the memorable night of His birth when a Heavenly star shed its light on earth; and angels together with the stars made midnight music by singing one sweet song. The chiming of Easter bells today throughout the world causes every Angel in Heaven to leap for joy.

Ah! the great cathedrals in Paradise too, sang out their melodious chimes—cathedrals not made by the hands of men. One by one Holy nuns robed in white kneel in devout prayer and worship on the altar of flowers, while the Virgin Mary participates in the services.

Once the future glittered as the gilted edges of a precious volume in the morning sun, but the golden colored pages are no more than common leaves after all.

DEEP MEDITATION.

The acme of the standard of divine worship is not to be estimated. The powerful wheels of the human soul which allows it such infinite expansion is too wonderful for the consideration of man.

The sinless perfection of humanity is beyond the

comprehension of the vast majority of mankind.

The soul, free, immortal, pure, may kneel at the throne of God, may view the grandiose beauty of the celestial sphere.

A striking image of God's love is the soul in its

perfection.

Beyond the nameless, numberless stars that hang at night in space, human souls may take their flight and enter heaven's gate.

As time dashes into eternity worlds may be dashed to atoms and the memory of their existence swept in-

to oblivion.

The choruses of congregations of different worlds, swells to the sky and pumps the immortal instrument which plays with all its force and grandeur the music of love. Earth echoes back the same.

Of all that was and is, Christ heeds the fallen worlds, heeds the faded nations, whose once rapturous voices and melodious melodies sang praise to idle gods.

When the ages shall have rolled the curtain of time away, then love like a monarch shall stand.

THE ANGEL VISITORS.

One winter night, dark and lonely, A crowd of angels passed a door, I wondered at their strange mission,
At their sweet voices soft and low.
They whispered one to the other
As if questioning the hour
Of some wearied, innocent soul
That was giving up its power.

Quite noislessly they glided on,
Their white robes and wings glistening bright,
Harmoniously they hummed a tune,
Which was all honor to the night.
Before a cottage door they paused,
Gently rapped, but all in vain.
No one the Fair Visitors heard
But the dying girl in pain.

To her inquiries who has knocked,
Mother answered, "Tis but the wind."
I left the porch just a moment,
No kind friend to the door has been.
The angels entered one by one.
Each of them wore a peacful smile,
The dear girl, dying, welcomed them,
And murmured, "Just a little while.

Mama, call Papa, and them all,
The Holy Angels wait for me—
But a little while, and O, then
In this cold world I must leave thee."

A moment later out they came,
One more was among their number,
In form and countenance the same,
Never looked an angel humbler,
They did not tread their ground again,
But flew straight upwards through the skies,
To the king's throne they bore her safe
Away from mortal's dim veiled eyes.

O earth that's rolling on
With the mighty tide of time,
Wait a moment if you will,
'Till we the summit climb.
Who will stumble and fall,
To be covered with the dust
While the world is moving on,
Scatter away all lust.

PEACE, BE STILL.

As the golden sun was setting
Behind the western hills,
I heard a gentle whisper
Commanding, "Peace, be still."
I gazed beyond the clouded sky,
Then stared the world around,
None of the living could be seen,
Nor could a friend be found.

Again, and peace, peace, peace, be still,
I fell upon my knees,
For Christ alone said peace, be still,
To calm the troubled sea.
Nearer still the strange voice came,
It bade my soul arise.
As quick as thought the soul took wings,
And passed beyond the skies.

In the mountain woods cold and dark,
None but tree and lands
And a lonely, forsaken form
Stiff in the pure white sand.
Once free, the soul went on in space,
With spirits met and talked,
Inquired of God's love and place
And of the paths to walk.

O woe for thee, said soul to soul,
If God shall want thee not,
Thy fall shall be a dangerous one,
Thy fate a wretched lot.
The frightened spirit trembled on,
The golden gate was reached,
Where stood the angel's child-like form
The pilgrim's way to teach.

"Art thou from the land of living,
Where angels sometime tread,
Or from the land of the sleepers,
Where they call weak men dead."
Sir, I know not from whence I came,
Nor whether live or dead,
Unless from yonder mortal world,
From sinful lands I've fled.

Yea I was in yonder dark world,
Mourning my once sad lot,
When all at once I heard a voice,
All I knew I forgot.
I am now far from that lonely world,
Some spirit brought me here,
O speak, noble sir, is it life
Or death to enter there?

"Peace, peace be still, thou weary one, Calm, let thy billows roll,
If thou would'st see the Master's face,
Bathe here thy weary soul."
To a clear silvery fountain,
Surrounded by a globe,
In it the Angel bade me wash
And gave a glistening robe.

O happiness, supremely grand That mortal men should see The Savior of eternal worlds,
Who groaned upon the tree.
Dearest Lord, I meekly murmured,
That I should see thy face.
He smiled, then waved slowly backwards,
I swooned beneath his grace.

Two gentle hands lifted me up,
Poured myrrh o'er my head.
Then on and on they led poor me
To the mountain, my bed,
There over me they bended low,
And murmured, "Peace be still."

My drowsy ear caught the echo,
And murmured "Let thy will."
Alone on the mountain alone
I 'rose from sin, enticed
To tell the weary, wandering world,
Of the gospel of Christ.

Our natures are as tender as the flowers, Plucked 'mid April showers. As the rain drops kiss the rose, So my nature kisses yours.

THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOR.

Listen, the bells of Heaven ring.
Angels are singing in the air
Such blessed news to earth it brings.
To us is born a Savior dear.

Hark the melody of sweet notes, "Peace on earth, good will to all men," Hear the music as it floats, See, the glorious heavens rend.

O the grand beauty of the lands,
Truly heaven and earth were one.
Together they stood with joined hands,
For God gave earth His only son.
Which of the lands was most adored?
I think sleeping earth must have been.
For the radiance heaven poured
Earth seemed without blemish or sin.

Once earth tasted Royal sweetness,
When Love came gently from the skies,
Then the angels thought it meetness
To come here quickly from on high.
A sweet Babe in a manger lay
With a hallowed light o'er its form,
The Virgin mother on the hay
Experienced a sleep calm and warm.

Angels assembled here and there
Singing their grand praises to God.
Ne'er were immortal notes more clear,
Nor earth e'er favored with more bards,
The bright light of the blessed dawn
That breathed upon the Holy King,
Was fairer than Creation's morn,
When every form of bird did sing.

Gentle, tender flowers, By God's own mighty hand In due time reared.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

Hail, thou Virgin Mary,
Thou Heaven-born spirit child!
Angels loved thee dearly,
And made thy spirit mild.
The night before the star
Of Bethlehem appeared,
Fair Heaven blessed thee more
Than any child she reared.

O could I've seen the star
That hung at night in space,
Suspended in pure love
To beam upon a face—
Or could I've seen the child,
The heaven-born babe of love
That graced a manger with its form,
With beauty from above;

I would have had new life,
And soared beyond the stars;
No measure of life's strife
Could my sweet pleasures mar.
Of that grand beauty then
No mortal tongue can sing;
The glory of that night
To earth will ever cling.

THE TRUE NEGRO.

He's not sorry that he belongs
To the poor Negro race,
Though their faces are black,
And in this land they have no place.

He might've been born king of France, Or one of England old, Or a gay millionaire— Or a gentleman without soul.

He's glad he was a Negro born,
A Negro with true soul,
And can see in Nature
The fine and true sentiments bold.

SHE HAS FALLEN.

Once she was a modest maiden As tender as a flower; Her simple ways were beautiful, And attracted all somehow.

She went to school until she reached,
The stone that marked the last point,
Where learning placed a crown of hope,
Her coming years to anoint.

She took the crown quite willingly;
Meekly bowing out she went,
Went her way not restlessly,
But on a true mission bent.

A few years she labored well,
In the field of truth and light,
Then she fell in love, truth to tell,
And believed that love was right.

And now today she's abandoned, Yes, by every friend and foe; And tonight she's an outcast And she suffers bitter woe. And now those tender days of old Return with its force and might, And jars on her poor weary soul, With truest memory right.

She sees no pleasure in the light,
That beams o'er the lovely earth;
Her soul is crucified by right,
And now she regrets her birth.

May the bright days that are to come,
Be so filled with love and bliss,
That the evil days one by one
Will vanish just as the mist.

Each night tells a different tale of ages past and gone and presents a different scene of ages yet unborn. Eternity is swinging on its hinges; the earth revolves, quickly passing to the future day, when its wheels must cease. Yet we are greater mechanism than earth, still we stand idle and pass the precious moments by.

THE CRY OF JUSTICE.

Dark is the day, So much like the night To those down-trodden men Who are hurried away.

Unjust the hands That snatch at their lives; Blood-thirsty are the souls Of that evil band. Unjust the law In this Christian land, Where men like dogs are shot And crammed into death's jaws.

Unknown the men,
To truth and right;
And unknown to good men
Whom God ever defends.

Blood-stained the souls That murder those men, And black are their hard hearts, By old Satan made bold.

They call it brave— Coward is its name— When man's form is riddled, And of sweet life deprived.

Lynch, lynch a man, The song's from hell Lodged in Satan's imps' ears, So the deed he demands.

Life's like a ship, Stays not very long; Man stands like it awhile, Then in the night is dipped.

To rest in peace,
To live all at ease
On earth and hereafter,
Man on man dare not feast.

Thou art there—
Thy spirit's given
To mortal men below—
Up the pathway they have striven;
They will sing thy praise forevermore.

THE PRESIDENT THE VICTIM.

At first the cry was negro blood,
And men did thirst to see it shed;
For every crime the hero,
By the hand of the assassin bled.

To the stake! the stake! men would cry,
Whether 'tis man, woman or child;
For crime black men must surely die,
The world must lose such wretches vile.

Lynch him! yes, lynch him! yells the crowd—Such dogs among us shall not live;
Lynch law gives us the right to lynch,
And none but lynch law will we give.

One of the fierce old lawless men,
Thought he would like so much to see,
Whiter blood than the negro shed,
And to that the band did agree.

Lynch law became a common thing,
It ruled everywhere o'er the land;
An assassin anxious for blood,
Shot and wounded the nation's man.

The President whom the world loved,
A noble man with business tact;
That he was loved by the nation,
'Tis an indisputable fact.

Now the President's the victim,

Has the world with lynch law gone mad?

Away with lynch law and its men!

The only new and latest fad.

The Chief Executive shed blood,
By that same cruel band of men;
O stern nation what wilt thou do?
Can'st thou not thine own land defend?

The President, God bless his soul,
Held the nation's name in his hand,
When he beheld the assassin,
Whispered, Let no man harm the man.

Suffer not the fiendish lynch law,
No matter how lawless the crime,
Then such unexpected rashness,
Will not mar America's clime.

Sept. 7, 1901.

Justice kneeling at her shrine, Doth survey the earth and weep.

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT WM. McKINLEY.

Another great man passed away
To the light of another clime,
The memory of his brave deeds
Will never be erased by time.

The world is better since he lived,
And now it sadly mourns its lost,
A madman thought to take his life
Before he counted up the cost.

Bring hither roses, myrtles, palms,
For now he sleeps the peaceful rest,
Scatter them o'er his mortal form
For his pure soul is with the blest.

The strong hand that held a nation,
Was in a moment jarred and crushed,
The voice that once cheered the people
Is now in death forever hushed.

We judge men by manner of life,
Naught do we know of him but good,
He lightened Cuba's mortal strife,
And every sorrow that he could.

America weeps since she lost
A great man in that noble son,
Greater and truer works than his
Very few men have ever done.

The sweet name William McKinley Shall be ever immortalized; Men will never cease to love him His memory will be idolized.

America lost a ruler,

The world has lost a brilliant man,
Why God taketh the brave and good

Not the best man can understand.

The flowers in the woods, in secluded places; the beauty in the rocks, the beauty in the desert, signify that this is a beautiful world. Wherever we go, nature cultivated or uncultivated, has the emblem of purity and beauty.

MEMORIALS.

In memoriam of my grandmother, Mrs. Hagar Brown, who departed this life June 8, 1901.

Above those clouds my grandmother waits
Through that blue veil at the golden gate.
Beyond those skies my grandmother sings
Sweet, sublime songs for the Heavenly King.

Yonders a robe in that fleece-white cloud,
Methinks it's like my grandmother's shroud;
Her perfect form oft times o'erlook
The good old home her pure soul forsook.

My grandmother's gone, lives with the blest,
She lived for the Lord, her soul's at rest.
Ofttimes she glides from that golden shore
To see our home when nobody knows;
Bless'd mission, truly great and grand
Ministering saint over this broad land.

IN MEMORIAM OF JOHN C. CALHOUN NELSON.

Far beyond that brightest star Lives a happy little baby, Basking in God's bright sunshine And in His glorious favor.

Once I saw him since he left
Playing with my own angel friend,
To her white robe he did cling
Her curley head o'er him did bend.

He came to us a baby
But an angel he truly was,
Fair heaven's very sunshine—
Near two years lingered in his curls.

God sent the little angel

To renew our cold hearts with love,
And to bind our souls closer

To Himself in heaven above.

So when he did his mission

He took our darling far away,

And blessed our dear hearts and homes

Where the bright angel had its sway.

There are moments when the soul reaches out and dares to trouble the rippling waters on the other shore.

If thou can'st oppress, stay thy hand; He gives thee power to rule.

THE SEXTON.

Did you see him as he passed along,.
Through the streets at early dawn,
To open the old church door for prayer
To all those who wished to come?

Did you hear the music of the bell,
As it swelled up to the sky,
That he rang out on a Sabbath morn,
To the weary passer-by?

Did you hear notes of the organ grand,
At all the services played?

He pumped its way through aisles of the church And sweeter the music made.

Did you hear notes of the bell toll out, Sad, appealing, often times? He rang that bell and a warning sent Out to every man and child.

But ah, ah, the bell is rung again,
By an unfamiliar hand,
And now tolling out its master's end,
The sweet notes will not blend.

No more, no more, will he ring that bell, Nor pump the music above, His form must lie beneath the green trees, His soul dwell with those we love.

ON THE DEATH OF A SCHOOL-MATE.

Ah! I remember well, that sad, sad lonely day
When the skies seem'd to fast and the earth seem'd
to pray;

At my desk in day school I heard my teacher say—
"She's dead," in solemn tones, then all my strength
gave way.

We came out the school room, all earth inclined it's head

And seemed to weep with us just because she was dead.

Once we went to see her when she was near the end, For we loved to cheer her, she whispered "Come again."

Ah we went once again, in the coffin she lay, Ne'er did a sweeter flower in it's death look more gay;

She looked like a sweet rose that drops from a shower To cast it's sweet fragrance o'er the garden flowers.

They bore her tender form to the cold, silent grave, And friends her casket-lid with pretty flowers paved; The passing of that soul to Jesus's safe arms Will be to our poor lives as a book of sweet psalms.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Away up yonder in Paradise, Floats another angel's wing; Away up yonder in Paradise, Another voice is heard to sing.

Over the beautiful river of life,
Another soul has taken its flight—
Away from scenes of earthly strife
Another soul extends its right.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD MAN.

The old man lived a Christian life,
He did his duty here;
Whene'er the church bell rang for prayer,
He was found troding there.

The wife, his only mate and friend, Left earth years, years ago; He served her faithful to the end— Grieved when she was no more. Through the long, lonely, weary years,
He struggled on quite well;
No woman's tender voice he hears,
No child his cares to tell.

Alas! the day must have its end,
Each morning's sun must set;
The old man soon must cease to wend,
His homeward way to fret.

It was a balmy summer night.
The hour when angels trod,
His patient spirit took its flight
On wings of night to God.

While the gentle breeze is swaying,
O'er the gay forest trees,
The voice of human suffering
Sounds o'er the mighty seas.

Their great sorrow lifts them higher,
And nearer the throne of God;
And makes their life much more sacred,
To end in sweet repose.

The broad, expansive view of the distant heavens, the magnificent pictures, arts, and grandiloquent setting of the clouds are advocates of the Deity. In these, magnificent and scintillating statutes are portrayed by unseen hands.

STEPPING STONES.

When I think of the unending toil,
The many steps to be climed before
True life's satisfaction will be reached,
I'm compelled to stop, and pause and sigh.
There are twelve white steps 'neath the summit,
Daily the weary travelers climb;
Some are plodding, while some are resting,
Yet still they struggle for the sublime.
One has traveled about half way up,
Ah! it is as far as he can go—
Thus, fatigued, he sinks down on the steps,
To attempt to climb again no more.

Another such pilgrim comes along;—
When he had climed just three, looked up,
And because the summit he did not see,
Exclaimed, Ah, there's no goal for me.
A young man, full of life, love and hope,
Saw the summit in the distance far,
Some day he did hope to reach its top.
He, too, reached and climbed the steps with ease,
And the goal was in his grasp, he thought;
So he turned to look from whence he came,
And, contented, lingered on the spot;
To climb higher was impossible—
His allotted time had passed and gone;
Perplexed with disappointment and grief,
He dropped as others on the stone.

So another, filled with life and hope,
Did pass the vast crowd upon the stairs,
To linger never, until was reached
The stone that marked the summit's retreat.
The soil was kissed, and a shout of joy,

Praise and glory ascended to God:
The great joy had come, the race was run;
With success life's true mission was crowned.

Those who have been kind to me, Let me none of their faults see, If in them ever I should find A simple fault of any kind, To others let me not it tell, But of their virtues speak always well.

THE STORMS OF LIFE.

The storms of life are raging,
In earth's remotest space;
The bell that rings the warning
Is borne from place to place.

Clothed in a thick, misty shroud,
The future hangs before,
Wrapped in a dark, thready veil,
The past will come no more.

Men are rushing, rushing on,
With the mighty speed of time;
And still they run so eager,
To grasp the all sublime.

Higher the great rounds extend,
Around the slipp'ry goal;
When man hopes he has the end,
He finds there only shoals.

The God of love o'er us all,
Did place away from earth,
The supremest of all good,
Where all is joy and mirth.

Little children, struggle on,
To stand the raging storm;
For there shall be an ending
Of the turbulent storm.

On, on, the skies they whisper, The stars they beckon, too; On, on, the Saviour whispers, Go all the journey through.

I count life sweet,
Its mission true;
Its grandest and sublimest pleasures
Are attributes of freedom.

FINIS.







